

Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

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JANE L. STANFORD—AN APPRECIATION.

Apart from the tragical circumstances surrounding the death of Mrs. Stanford, in her eightieth year, her character, her influence, her fruitful life, were appreciated throughout the world and will be enshrined in history. Many great men and great women have visited Honolulu. Some have died there, of whom Kate Field was one. The peculiar method of development in the Hawaiian Islands has incorporated remarkable women into the population and women of this class have sprung from the natives and the half-natives. The removal to another sphere of these conspicuous teachers of civilization has frequently plunged the community into grief and has produced unusual demonstrations. Circumstances, improved opportunities, and the visible results of a long and successful career, however, placed Mrs. Stanford on an eminence from which she can never be removed.

Her late husband, Leland Stanford, born at Watervliet, New York, March 29th, 1824, married early in life, and arrived in California almost coincidently with the establishment of the State Government. He was a merchant, first, in an outside district, second, in Sacramento, and third, as a member of the firm of A. P. Stanford & Co., of San Francisco. His residence for many years was in a modest house on Second street in Sacramento. He was noted for his hard sense, his geniality, and his firmness. An original Republican, in 1861 he was elected Governor of the State and took his place among the War Governors of the Civil contest. The same year he became the President of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, organized as one of the results of a great convention held during that year. This railroad developed into that powerful combination, generally known as the S. P., and which is ranked among the controlling railroad systems of the Union. He represented California, as one of its Federal Senators, from 1885 to June 20th, 1893, when he died at Palo Alto.

During the whole of this eventful and triumphant life, Mrs. Stanford was the companion, friend and adviser of her husband, but her name was rarely mentioned until the initiation of their mightiest and memorable achievement, the founding of the Leland Stanford Junior University in 1887, which was formally opened in 1891, and, especially under the administration of David Starr Jordan, now stands among the leading educational institutions of the world. In every detail of the growth of this University, Senator Stanford and his wife practically co-operated, under the instruments of trust which covered the legal aspects of the matter, and in their personal capacities, and, after the death of the Senator, although some years ago she turned over to the trustees property to the value of twenty-eight millions or thereabouts, her active participation in the improvement of the University continued to the last. There is not a building nor a decoration in the vast pile of fine edifices at Palo Alto, to which her taste did not contribute and her influence has been constantly exerted and felt even in the intellectual and moral education, for which the institution has obtained such conspicuous fame.

The establishment and organization of the Leland Stanford Junior University blazes with all the features of a romance, hardened into fact. In those days, as in every generation, there were a few carpers and pessimists, who sought to minimize the enterprise by attributing it to the influence of parental vanity. Never was a more preposterous falsehood attached to the wings of Rumor. A young boy, the only son of Mrs. Stanford and her husband, in his last sickness, at Rome and in other parts of classical Italy, conceived and expressed an idea, that, beyond the intellectual power it manifested, was in itself of indescribable breadth, depth and beauty. He desired that the enormous fortune which, in the ordinary course of nature he would have inherited, should be applied to the education of youth and their systematized preparation for bearing noble parts in the various spheres of life. This idea, repeated again and again on his death-bed to his parents, took root and led to the most splendid monument to youthful zeal for the race and to parental love, broadened to the extreme limits of humanity, of which there is any record. The University was thus consecrated in its origin and stands for the loftiest standards of civilization, in an age when the wheels of progress are moving with unexampled and resistless energy. From its birth to the last moment of her life, Mrs. Stanford was devoted to the completion and perfection of this magnificent tribute to the human race and to all the loftiest possibilities of human nature.

Mrs. Stanford was a woman of high and available intellectual qualities, combined with the most exquisite sympathy. Her capacity for labor, applied to definite objects, was enormous. She never spared herself, but, even in sickness and though constantly impressed by the recollection of her cherished son and her beloved husband, was always ready for consultation and suggestion, and equally appreciative of the counsel of others. Her judgment in all ordinary matters was excellent. She was highly spiritualized and her deep though unobtrusive piety impressed every man and every woman, not incapable of comprehending a genuine Christian character. She was a firm believer in the religion of Jesus Christ and, like millions of religious women and men in all the centuries since the Crucifixion, believed that death was only temporary separation and that each life, striving for the higher levels, and, especially in times of gloom and depression, was influenced by guardian angels, among whom the most dearly prized on earth were prominent. This was probably her nearest approach to Spiritualism, the asserted phenomena of which she to some degree investigated. Her beliefs are shared by the most orthodox Christians of the present day.

Her benefactions extended far beyond the University. No suffering or distress that was brought to her notice, if genuine, was unrelieved. She built the Children's Hospital at Albany, where she was born August 25th, 1825, and expended two hundred thousand dollars on that investment in philanthropy. She contributed a hundred and sixty thousand dollars to San Francisco Kindergartens, to which she also applied her personal knowledge and experience. The number of her unrecorded charities was very large and they will probably remain unknown, except by the recipients.

Mrs. Stanford was a rare woman, who has left an ineffaceable impression on the generation, through which her work was accomplished. Her end was the rounding of a perfected career. All over the United States and in foreign countries, where her deeds are known and her face has been seen, from the lowliest to the highest, true affection, regret, and sympathy, accompanied by enduring memories, reveal the inmost heart of Christendom. It may be said of her, as it was said of one of old—

Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis.

Nobody knows what the Senate has been called in extra session for, of course, and nobody will know until the President sends in his message, but it does not take a very good guesser to conjecture that there is going to be something more doing in that busy foreign policy which had its most recent demonstration in Santo Domingo. It is America for the Americans, this new, reading of the Monroe doctrine—and we are the Americans.

Of course the San Francisco policeman who has fallen heir to three millions will be congratulated, but all the same he need not have waited for a relation to die if he had been lucky enough to get on the Chinatown squad in the first place.

In the coming of the springtime, the announcement is made that President Castro's fancy is once more lightly turning to thoughts of revolution. Truly, no year would be really complete without the little Venezuela comedy of blood and fire.

They cut open the wrong patient at a students' session of the New York Polyclinic Medical School the other day, which was of course not exactly pleasing to the patient, but the operation is said to have been remarkably successful.

It may be "Bleeding Kansas," all right, but it is clear from recent events that it does not propose to be bled by the Standard Oil Company any more.

And now Teddy is President on his own account, and we will see just exactly how much of a sobering effect responsibility has on the strenuous life.

The battle of Mukden, if 70,000 casualties have so far occurred, promises to be one of the bloodiest fought since the invention of gunpowder.

Probably the censure of the Hague Commission will not worry Rojstevsky a great deal, if he can continue to keep out of Togo's way.



Davis in Deep Water.
Leaves the Party.
Local Stanford News.
Kuhio's Favorites.
Queen's Relief Bill.
A Year of Fruit.
Small Kula Farmers.
The Cullud Brother.
Gear in Frisco.
Yellow Journalism.
Old Favorites.

George Davis had the adventure of his life at Waikiki beach the other day. The boys took him out in one of those native canoes and when they reached deep-water they tipped the cranky boat over, bestrewn Davis upon the deep. All hands held on to the outrigger except George, who started for shore like a wild-eyed selachian after prey. He swam with his arms going like windmills and soon gave out. "Oh my God," he yelled, "I can't make it. Help, help! Oh Lord, help! I'm sorry for what I did to A. Perry. Help! help! Oh Lord, I'll forgive Magoon if you'll only let me get ashore! Help!" Just then his feet touched the sandy bottom. Pulling himself together he turned fiercely on the fellows who were holding on to the boat and, shaking his fist shouted: "You wall-eyed flannel mouthed yahoos, if I ever get you on shore I'll put every blankety blanked assassin of you in jail."

Davis has left the Republican party, written to the President to assuage the latter's grief and cursed the organization with candle, bell and book—and because of Lindsay. George couldn't stand him; it was the last straw. Of course Lindsay is all right but that doesn't matter, as he wasn't George's choice. George favored a man named Davis as the natural successor to Gear. I favored Davis too, as the bench is getting too blamed dull; but because he didn't get it I'm not going over to the Democrats and disturb their privacy. A rumor reached me late that George might reconsider and take a safe, middle course, meaning, perhaps, that he would go over to the Prohibitionists. Again for the sake of human gaiety I hope not.

San Francisco editors think it is an easy job for their correspondents here to line up chemists, doctors, police, Stanford servants and the like and make them divulge what is going on in the murder inquiry. But it isn't. The correspondent of a far-away paper is lacking in pull which the paper's reporters enjoy at home. Their journal isn't right beside them with an upraised club. Still the local men have done well with the present story despite the wild-eyed reprimands they are having from their editors. Several of them have been reminded sharply that The Call was beating them. And so it was, but for no fault of theirs. If the rivals of The Call will get "next" to Police Chief Spillane at San Francisco and see the messages he gets from High Sheriff Henry here, they will be able to put up as fresh "Honolulu specials" as the Spreckels' paper has.

It is one of the surest safeguards of good government here that Governor Carter and not the misrepresentative in the House, has the say about local nominations. Think of the men Kuhio—who favored Kepoikai for Governor—would put in office here if he had the chance: Charley Clark for Collector of the Port, Jimmy Boyd for Collector of Internal Revenue and C. W. Ashford for Circuit Judge. These would surely have their innings along with an occasional good man, like Mort Oat, thrown in for favor. When the President made up his mind to consult Carter instead of Kuhio he showed that he knew where to get good advice, all right.

Nothing is heard of the Queen's relief bill. So far as I have learned, it has not been introduced. Two years ago the Queen berated Kuhio for neglecting it and now he seems to have ignored it altogether. I fancy the Queen has given up all hope of getting such a measure through—her friend Senator Hoar of Massachusetts being dead. But she likes Washington and Washington likes her, so the two get along admirably. It is odd that cold weather suits her, but it probably has done much, by its bracing qualities, to prolong her life.

There is no great loss without some small gain. A blowing, rainy February, would have robbed the mango and alligator pear trees of their blossoms and given us a bad fruit year. But still weather let the buds develop and now the fruit outlook is stupendous. What a pity that there is no big pear export company in being and no factory to make the mango chutney which people pay such big prices for on the mainland. Then there are \$500,000 worth of guava jelly wasting away in the Kaneohe country—the biggest and finest guavas and the most of them one ever saw. In New York a glass of solid Cuban guava jelly sells for 75 cents.

What's this? What's this? Japanese small farmers making a good living already on those Kula lands which wouldn't raise anything for a white man; those lands which Frank Atherton exposed in all their naked deformity and which Spalding's man Fairchild visited with fine scorn. Why I had become convinced that not even the price could be raised on those barren acres.

I hear a good story from the East about the freak who was sent from here last year to speak for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. He arrived at Republican headquarters in great state, presented his letters and asked to be assigned to the most important platforms, along with Dewey, Fairbanks and Cannon. Elmer Dover looked at him aghast but as the freak went on and demanded lodgings in a first-class hotel—"apartments with a bath, sah"—Elmer turned pale. "Great guns!" he said to a friend of mine, "think of a Territory—even a Territory—sending anybody like that to talk to the business men of New York!" The committee, however, acted promptly. It gave the freak a ticket to Chicago and after hearing him there the Chicagoans shunted him off further where he disappeared—some say in the South. I understand that the committee will discourage any more applicants from Hawaii unless there seems to be a demand for them among the audiences. Insular spellbinders have now been hoodooed.

George Gear will get along in San Francisco or I miss my guess. His distant relative, Herrin, can do things for people and George should be on the payroll of the Espee by Monday morning. Gear is hail-fellow-well-met; he practices at the bar with no care for the score-card; his friends are all voters and his political conscience twines around any old thing like a barber's stripe. He may be mayor of San Francisco yet, you bet. The old town has had a Schmitz and a Sutro and would have had an O'Donnell if the inspectors had counted the vote right and there's no reason why it shouldn't have a Gear. And then "there will be rings and things and fine array," as Shakespeare observed.

The flood of cablegrams from the coast asking about the drouth, the leaf-hopper and the lava flow, shows that the special correspondent is getting in his work again. When I read some of the Honolulu stuff that is sent to the great papers I lose my faith in human nature. Ten to one somebody has printed a story that the drouth has spoiled the cane on Oahu, the leaf-hopper has eaten it on Maui and Kauai and that the Hawaiian plantations, all that are left, are in danger of being hidden under a lava crust forty feet deep. That sort of thing is what space-rate correspondence is doing for us these days.

How we do miss our old friends Chillingsworth, McDuffie and Renear in
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COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

Several cheering items occurred at the close of a week that was not notably brisk on the Stock Exchange. The Kinau's mail from windward ports brought word of refreshing rains in various sections where drouth had prevailed. Harry Armitage received a card stating that three inches of rain had fallen at Olaa and 3½ inches at Honokaa, up to the 3rd, and that rain was general throughout Hamakua. A cablegram to the Henry Waterhouse Trust Co. announced that a monthly dividend of 20 cents a share on Paauhau stock had been declared. Prices remain about the same as at last week's review, with a few stocks considerably higher and bonds advanced. Following are the week's transactions, together with the February sales and March 1 dividends:

THE WEEK'S TRANSACTIONS.

Onomea (\$20), 10 at \$37; Oahu (\$100), 12, 6, 25, 10 at \$140; Kahuku (\$20), 50 at \$33, 100 at \$32, 5 at \$34; McBryde (\$20), 140, 100, 20, 580 at \$10; H. C. & S. (\$100), 18 at \$89; Oookala (\$20), 10 at \$87.75, 10, 75, 45, 5, 80, 5 at \$88; Kihikihi (\$50), 20, 10, 110 at \$14, 8 at \$13.50; Olaa (\$20), 100, 30, 200, 53 at \$6; Hawaiian Sugar (\$20), 22 at \$35, 10 at \$35.25; Pioneer (\$100), 50 at \$162.50, 46 at \$163; Waialua (\$100), 30 at \$77.50, 10 at \$78, 10, 5 at \$77.50; Wilder's Steamship (\$100), 25, 10 at \$40; Ewa (\$20), 25, 55, 40, 10 at \$32; Honokaa (\$20), 105 at \$22, 10 at \$21.87½; Hawaiian Sugar 6 per cent. bonds, \$2000, \$5000 at \$102; Pioneer 6 per cent. bonds, \$5000, \$1000, \$2000 at \$103; Waialua 6 per cent. bonds, \$4000 at \$101.75. San Francisco quotations of March 2 show the market there in close harmony with the local exchange.

FEBRUARY SALES.

1732 Ewa, 30 to 33; 623 Haw. Com. & Sugar Co., 85.50 to 95; 337 Haw. Sugar Co., 33 to 35.25; 2915 Honokaa, 20.62½ to 24.25; 410 Kahuku, 30 to 35; 1426 Kihikihi, 13 to 14.87½; 13 Koloa, 150; 2463 McBryde, 8.75 to 11; 143 Oahu, 140; 40 Onomea, 37 to 40; 718 Oookala, 7.25 to 10; 550 Olaa, 6 to 9; 169 Pioneer, 162.50 to 169; 405 Waialua, 71.75 to 78; 25 Wilder's S. S. Co., 140; 26 Haw. Elec., 106; 5 Hon. R. T. & L. Co. (Pfd.), 100.50; 25 Hon. R. T. & L. Co. (Com.), 62.50 to 65; 110 O. R. & L. Co., 76.50 to 77.50; \$12,000 Ewa 6s, 102 to 102.50; \$7000 Haiku 6s, 102; \$1000 Oahu R. & L. Co. 6s, 102.75; \$1000 Oahu Sugar Co. 6s, 102; \$10,000 Paia Plant. Co. 6s, 102.50; \$10,000 Pioneer Mill Co. 6s, 102 to 103; \$6000 Waialua 6s, 100 to 101.75.

DIVIDENDS.

C. Brewer & Co., 2 per cent.; Ewa Plantation, 1 per cent.; Honomu, 2 per cent.; Waimanalo, 1 per cent.; Hawaiian Electric, ½ per cent.; Inter-Island S. N. Co. (monthly), 1 per cent.; Waikuku, 2 per cent. March 1: Haiku, 1 per cent.; Pioneer, 1 per cent.; Paia, 1 per cent.; Honokaa, ½ per cent.; Haw. C. & S. Co. (March 5), ½ per cent.; Onomea (S. F. March 5), 1½ per cent.

WORLD'S SUGAR MARKET.

Willett & Gray's Journal (New York) of Feb. 16, gives statistics of the sugar crops of the world, for the year 1904-1905, from which the following footings are taken: Total cane sugar production (W. & G.), 4,638,000 tons, against 4,251,189 the previous year; European beet sugar production (Licht), 4,658,000 tons, against 5,864,938 the previous year; U. S. beet sugar production (W. & G.), 209,000 tons, against 208,135 the previous year; grand total cane and beet, 9,505,000 tons, against 10,324,262 the previous year; estimated decrease in the world's production, 819,262 tons. It was aimed to include the entire sugar production of the world, including those crops that have heretofore been ignored in statistics. The figures include local consumption of home production wherever known.

Total stocks and afloats, together Willett & Gray say in their issue of Feb. 16, shows a visible supply of 2,916,244 tons, against 3,794,302 tons last year. The following items from W. & G.'s Journal are interesting:

EUROPEAN BEET CROP.—Mr. F. O. Licht cables us specially from Magdeburg, February 10, 1905: "Estimate Austria 893,000 tons sugar." (This shows a reduction of 12,000 tons in Mr. F. O. Licht's previous estimate for Austria.)

February 13, 1905.—"Estimate beet crop of Germany 1,575,000 tons." (This shows a reduction of 15,000 tons in Mr. F. O. Licht's previous estimate of the German crop.)

February 16, 1905.—"The sowings in Germany promise to be 12 per cent. larger than last year." (This shows a reduction of 3 per cent. in Mr. F. O. Licht's previous estimate of sowings in Germany.)

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SMALL TALKS

BY SOL. N. SHERIDAN.

"Why," exclaimed Governor Carter, waving his two hands with that peculiarly graceful outward motion of his, "the legislature is running along as smoothly as a train of cars rolling down hill on a straight track. Couldn't be better. Do you smoke? Have a cigar with me. These are some of Jared Smith's, tobacco grown at Hamakua, you know. They are pretty strong, and I am trying to find out how the experts like them. Glad you do."

"This vine was planted by the old high chief Paki in the long ago, and I am trying to save its life," said Secretary Atkinson, untangling himself from the too thorny embraces of a bougainvillea that is just beginning to get big enough to adorn the green lot opposite the Young Hotel. "It seems to me that a plant that has come down from those old days should be preserved."

So it should, and the devotion of the Secretary to the antique is most commendable—particularly in view of the fact that the bougainvillea was not brought to these islands until after the old chief Paki had been in his grave a considerable number of years. Shows what a wonderful old man the chief must have been, too.

"I did go to the Maternity Home luau in a hack," remarked Senator McCandless, "when I found that the Rapid Transit people had sent a special car to carry the legislators free of charge. I can pay my fare—and I never have accepted favors from the Rapid Transit."

Said Senator McCandless, unto Mr. Ballentyne:

"I will not play in your backyard, and don't you come in mine;

"When I go out to feast, I guess my car fare I can pay—

"And if I can't, I 'spose I'll get to ride some other way.

"Your old railway ain't the whole thing, in this here island town.

"And maybe you will find that out when my road climbs around.

"And 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round to where it means to go;

"I'll make you wish you had not been so dog gone mean, you know.

"What's that? I will not have a road? You say it if you dare!

"I guess I'm in the Senate, and I know what's doing there;

"If Dickey blocks my bill and sends me forth, bereft, to roam,

"I'll put my doll rags in a hack, and go right straight out home."

"My old hen out there has brought out thirteen chickens," said Captain Niblack, in a pleased way, looking out of the window of that office at the navy yard where he sits all day and dreams of warlike things upon the very domestic picture of a speckled hen scratching for her brood in the shadow of the flag-staff. "Maybe Uncle Sam will go into the small farming business, too. Anyway, he has as good a start for a chicken ranch, numerically speaking, as he had for the Union of states."

So turns the man of war to better things,

His clucking hen broods in the mortar's throat;

A misfit emblem of the dove, whose wings

Spread widely, in these times, o'er Niblack's boat—

Suggestive of a farm yard, gone afloat.

The egg, the cannon ball, laid side by side—

The sailor and the hen, how peaceful these—

Now, war forgot, the seaman takes just pride

In downy chicks that run about at ease—

While clucks of peace are wafted from the seas

Ah, Niblack, you are wiser than you know,

The taking, not the gift of life's your trade;

And yet you let the grim old war god go

While you sit in the very cannon's shade

And feed your little chickens, unafraid.

"Don't tell anybody you saw me," murmured Detective Hatter, confidentially, sneaking aboard the Mongolia last Sunday and hiding in his state room from a
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